- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

Waking up
to the grey skies
what's even left
to recognize
it all was so changed
it all was
so compromised
now in the night
only plenty of darkness
can conceal it all
waking up
to that feeling
like I'm a stranger
out of place
what have we
got figured out
anything .... or do we
keep being dragged slowly
to the cliff ahead
only time can mend
and only time
can unravel
in this curious way
the night is long here
and how these vines
have risen
devouring our memories
if we could go back
we would
yet that ship sailed
now we simply
carry on
with a strange kind
of feeling
and only
so much endurance

***

- 9/22/2025

2.

Well I never
imagined it happening
I never imagined
how far
down this road
I'd be listening
to such melodies
in the summer breeze
though I knew
I couldn't stay
I always knew
some how
that I'd be
pulled away
it doesn't take
a magic trick
or an oracle
on a mountain afar
I should have
trusted my own visions
yet you never know
when you need to
now I'm out here
far down this road
in a field of mist
in this mist
I find the lost memories
in the mist
they shine on
out of place
in a world
of so much illusion
out of place
in a world
where so much
gravitates
towards a reckoning

***

- 9/22/2025

3.

Today wasn't
a good one
I was hearing
the bad news
from all sides
that's the thing
they never realized
I'm a prisoner
in my own mind
though I can
walk about
in a Sunny day
though I can
go freely
out about the night
I'm a prisoner
in my own mind
you see
so in that sense
I'm not exactly free
sometimes your jailer
is someone unseen
right beside you
all that talk
all that talk
is it's own kind
of prison wall
and that's how it is
for me you see
even though
I can go wandering
in the rain
if I wish it so

***

-9/22/2025

4.

Heading down
the road
to this place
of the Sunrise
here in this
Jersey morning
the sky's aflame
with dawn's arrival
there I go
hoping to disappear
into the light
the world's getting
a little colder
winter's around
the bend
yesterday
was a carnival
of thorns
today will be
a dance
of the serpents
and they'll call out
for more
I didn't get
to see much
though I was
never one
to seize my chances
living in a dream
is all I want
a dream
a place
where it's always
the hour
of the Sunrise

***

- 9/23/2025

5.

Maybe they think
I'm just too crazy
I guess that's true
but look around you
the crows are gathering
in the fields
something about
the last twilight
left an impression
in my soul
maybe I am
a little too crazy
yet if I wasn't
how would I know
as the waves
reach the shore
in this early light
there's candles out there
still burning
that were glowing
through the night
and I've been through
many a storm
out there
and many a storm
within
just got to
turn into the wind
sometimes
go straight
into the storm
to make it through

***

- 9/23/2025

6.

It's time
to get moving along
though for myself
I wouldn't
wish it so
the dreariness
in those buildings
awaits
they say I've got to
pay the man
though I wouldn't
wish it so
as the moments fade
like ashes
in the wind
not many of us
can see the light
of tomorrow yet
we only see the irony
and destiny's grin
and the hourglass
does not lie of course
somewhere
there's a wind blowing
that carries a tune
I once knew so well
so long ago

***

- 9/23/2025

7.

Looking the wrong way
when I thought
it was right
just sitting here alone
on another September night
spent all day
at work
I'll spend all of
tomorrow there to
the days
turn into years
how the sands of time
are blown along
in the wind
of an era
in the wind
of an age
I know I can't go back
though I spend
some days
wishing that I could
looking at these
old photographs
I find myself
drifting back
on another
September night
as the streetlights
are glowing
as an old cat
out on the sidewalk
is waiting patiently
for the Full Moon to rise

***

- 9/23/2025

8.

Realizing
it was only
a daydream
how I so often
lose myself in those
this morning
that old road
I know so well
seems like the way
to get to
the Elysian Fields
last night
I was marooned
on an island
this morning
I washed ashore
on some different beach
finding that
the hourglass
was still following me
all I could do
was look to
the morning Sun
hoping to feel
hoping to feel
really mesmerized
if only for a moment
I was just hoping
to be taken back
to that time
and place
before I ever knew
what the world
could truly be

***

- 9/24/2025

9.

Planted like
a seed
in the garden
of time
awakening
in a world
of enchanted vines
and I don't believe
I know
my own place
in it all
anymore
I drift through
so many nights
looking for
Orion's stars
and I'm not sure
if I'm truly
moving forward
or if I'm being
pulled back
into the great shadow
I see the eyes
of ravens
glowing in the darkness
if I follow them
where will
it bring me to
I ponder this
under the ancient heavens

***

- 9/24/2025

10.

There's a gloom
that hangs heavy
over the land
I don't know
where it came from
or when it began
I don't recall
how it started
I just recall
how it felt before
it takes
a little more
out of you
at a time
and it always
comes back for more
I don't know
how we beat it back
it's like some kind
of subliminal
devilish attack
you can feel it
when you wake up
and you sense it
as you fall asleep
a lingering feeling
like it's all
sinking down
into the deep
and I pray
a brighter path
will appear
to us all
so that we may rise
from these shadows
and not be taken down
by the fall

***

- 9/24/2025

11.

Night colliding
with day
brings a lot
of that sacred fire
to the sky
moving along
like I know I must
eastward
there is glowing
that bright morning
yet to be
and I'll be
moving along
moving along
on the ocean's wind
blow out those candles
move those curtains aside
let the Sunshine
fill your solitude
let that Sunshine
fill your eyes
knowing when to speak
to the old grandfather
of time
calling upon
that old fire
of the morning Sun
we'll sing our dreams
we'll sing our dreams
sing at dawn

***

- 9/26/2025

12.

Carry me away
to Egypt
down that old
river Nile of a dream
I wish to see
the stars
shining over
the pyramids
I wish to see them
like diamonds
in the sea
carry me away
to Athens
that I may behold
the old philosopher's
lantern light
he's still searching
for an honest soul
across the ancient
starry night
carry me away
to Babylon's gardens
carry me away
to that Colossus
at Rhodes
bring me to
the Temple of Artemis
where now
the tall grass grows

***

- 9/26/2025

13.

Sundown
a day is done
the Moon is rising
over this old
empty field
shot about
a dozen arrows
at a dark cloud
wasn't meaning
to hit a thing
yet the dark cloud
let forth
a rain of old
and washed away
all the sorrows
that had lingered
for so long
now the sky
is grey
and the flowers
grow still
and we're just
casting memories
out into the night
like fireflies
they glow
quick and bright
then fade away

***

- 9/26/2025

14.

Give me an island
far away
from it all
and I'll be going
don't have
much fight left
in me
don't want to
argue anymore
don't want to
go on about
who is right
and who is wrong
just give me
an island
of palm trees
and sand
and I'll be
as happy
as a man
could ever be
I've heard all
the insults
and I've heard
all the gripes
but I won't
hear them anymore
in the starry
tropical night
far away
from it all
I'll be in my exile
with a smile

***

- 9/27/2025

15.

It's all confusing
as hell
some things
I hear on the news
how some cycles
just go on and on
some storms
just pass on through
while some stay fed
by all the bitterness
and rage
haven't we seen this
all before
don't we recognize
the wheel
that rolls
over us now
let's place some trust
in the collective
memory
let's place some trust
in things we've seen
let us look to
the Sunrise
of so many tomorrows
let us embrace
the wind of peace
let us look
to the old
weathervane
let us wander
the trembling Earth
proclaiming
the wind of peace

***

- 9/27/2025

16.

Let this not be
a time of things
in vain
let this be
a time
when we change it all
let us bring down
some magic
from where
the stars glow
so bright
let us move
like a dream
floating down
a river
a little bit
of glaring light
a little bit
of the celestial
and the immaculate
the time ahead
is a time
unwritten
let us move
this wondrous
dream along
let's go looking
for dawn's
first light
over the tree line
let us bring back
some flowers
from the valley
of the Moon

***

- 9/28/2025

Wouldn't I believe it
wouldn't I
see it through
well I don't know
what about
all that vision
that you say
you hold within
on a stormy night
not so long ago
in an instant
of a lightning flash
I saw the world
that was always
kept hidden
from these eyes
it was then I knew
and did surmise
I'm a wanderer
wandering
in a strange land
so long
I'm still
a stranger
to these old
familiar streets
and even if
I'm losing again
it won't leave me
without a smile
once I see
the pine trees again
I'll be lifted
lifted like
a hawk above

***

- 9/28/2025

18.

Send me to
that city
where the music
flows like water
I want to hear
the essence in song
of those
bygone generations
bring me to
that avenue
where so much
happened
so long ago
I beheld a phoenix
rising
above the clouds
and time carries on
like a flowing stream
so many memories
of when
I wandered through
the desert
I see it all
in my dreams now
every day
seems half real
half illusion
and won't you
walk with me
down that path
of stone
to that castle
that is ours
by our sweat
and tears
and all the memories
we've made
across the sea
of so many years

***

- 9/28/2025

19.

Yes sometimes
these old
marbles within
start to bounce
around and fall
they say I haven't
talked much sense
since back
in fifteen
but let them walk
a day in my shoes
they say I didn't
do some things right
yet they can't say
that I did
everything wrong
we'll build up
big radios
that can reach
out to eternity
and what a lovely
Sunrise it was
and you know
there's a Sunrise
happening
right this moment
on many
a different world
I've always seen things
the way that
I see them
and I keep on
moving down
this road of time
until I reach
that brighter sky
until I hear
that sweet music
in the sky

***

- 9/28/2025

This so-called
civilization
will try and take
the Sunshine
away from you
be warned
and I know
that there is
piano music
that can be heard
from the Moon
trust in
your own soul
to find it
on the radio dial
or you may seek
to hear the whispers
from the meadows
and drink some wine
if you
are up for it
I am no longer
able to
I spent
too many nights
out in the forest
with a lantern
drinking to escape
civilization
wishing to create
a sanctuary in time
all for myself

***

- 9/28/2025

21.

I have been
in search of something
that had arisen
from the sea
so many things
have I been
waiting to find
when I see
the first light
of day
I often ponder
how common it is
for salvation
to be a real thing
as we go about
between silent rooms
and noisy streets
as we pluck the flower
as we blow out
the candle
as we look
to the horizon
and as we look
beyond it

***

- 9/29/2025

22.

I have seen
so much of recent
crumble
giving some dust back
to the wind
of time
I have seen so much
take a place
among the ruins
that span
so many centuries
what are we
to believe in
when nothing
is realized
as sacred anymore
have we found
a true and radiant
destiny
only to lose it
in a fog
that hugs
our coastline
I have seen
truth bestowed
and simply ignored
I have seen
a long night descend
and so I do
once more

***

- 9/30/2025

23.

I see you there
born of harsh wind
I have known
your eyes before
they are lovely
with a strange energy
yet cold as the sea
I did love you once
yet you shattered me
and though
we were young
my soul shall
keep this scar
for all eternity

***

- 9/30/2025

24.

I shall gather
an armada
of sinister bats
and we shall fly
in the dark wind
together
we shall take on
a shadowy form
greater than
any one of us alone
by the sight of us
in the sky
we shall appear
most sinister
we shall fly above
and over
the cornstalks
the pumpkin patch
we shall fly over
the windmill
and the Sundial

***

- 9/30/2025

25.

Take this dream
of mine
and return it
to the soil
it was of
little use
it served
no significant
purpose
in this time
the sight
of such a dream
was no longer
even recognizable
to so many
they could see only
coins and
imagined gold
return my dream
to the soil
from the Earth
did it rise
so back to
the Earth
may it return
it was not
sought after
in this time
as is sadly
the circumstance
with many a dream
the hour is late
the tide recedes
and the rooster
awakens

***

- 9/30/2025

Let us go forth
let us gather
let us seek
the true wind
let us shed
this false essence
that is only illusion
let us listen
and hear
the songs of the stars
once more
let us behold
something imagined
and formed
of crystalline flame
let us bring light
to dark castles
and dark ruins
let us go forth
to that great
mountaintop
and speak
to all the galaxy

***

- 9/30/2025

27.

I cannot laugh
as I once
did laugh
for this is
no time
of laughter
how we have
returned again
to where
we've already
been before
how I can
see now
what so many others
have already seen
in the past
in the days
that have
gone before
how I have
seen some things
that seem
to follow us
like a shadow
across time

***

- 10/2/2025

28.

I must jump
into the abyss
of another day
I must behold
the grey
of the sky
and feel it
within my soul
going down streets
that could
tell you a story
I wish it were so
or I wish that
it wasn't
it doesn't matter
to the crow
on the telephone wire
it doesn't matter
to the hawk above
looking in
all directions
we will see Mars
yes.... we will see
Mars rising
after the Sun sets
after the constellations
that the ancients knew
have risen
we shall see Mars
up there in the heavens
red ..... like a ball
of dream-fire

***

- 10/3/2025

I didn't realize
at first
that anything
was even amiss
I was off
in my own
little world
somewhere
and that's how
I like it
I dream
of something
a place
a time
and I can
bring myself there
in a sense
I can keep away
from the world
all around me
be content
with an imagined world
I can call upon
the Sun
the Moon
and the stars
anytime I wish

***

- 10/5/2025

30.

I took
a wrong turn
didn't I
it's so easy
to do anymore
with so many
roads that lead
to nowhere
as soon as
I walk out
my door
the crows
are there
time clocks
do tell us
of the bitter things
they talk of
an oasis out there
but I don't believe
it ever was
I feel the silence
in that
pre-dawn moment
eternity
was there
or at least
I believed it was

***

- 10/5/2025

31.

It's a strange
kind of recollection
the ones
that take you back
to where
you can recall
a different time
a different place
so vividly
just sitting there
staring
out the window
what I see
is a scene
of the past
nights of Moonlight
and so
little worries
those were the days
the days
I can never forget
yet that I
can never
return to
those were the days
when the hourglass
seemed only
an illusion
and now
too many of
these days to me
seem hollow
and too many nights
seemed filled
with solitude

***

- 10/4/2025

32.

The sea
calls me back
yet I cannot go
not just yet
the mad
and pointless
dances of the world
obstruct my path
I fear that I
am caught up
in this vertigo
for seeing things
a certain way
how I have spoken
that truth
around here
is like a desert wind
it scatters
the sands afar
toward
distant horizons

***

-10/4/2025

33.

Here we are
just the way
we are
here we are
recollecting
those by gone days
shaking our heads
at all
the misguided ways
now we know
a little more
time keeps
its own oasis
hidden
until we find it
I seem to recall
so many nights
when the stars
were brightest
when the Moon
was a place
where our dreams
awaited

***

- 10/5/2025

Now I am here
a morning
I never imagined
I'd see
I am here
breathing
the morning air
as a mist clings
to the Pine trees
the many roads
I've travelled
have brought me
to this quiet place
and the quiet
there is something
about it here
immortality
but for the sound
of a singing bird
there is absolute
quiet and beauty
natural beauty
that could fulfill
a thousand dreams

***

- 10/6/2025

35.

Here I am
I've returned
from an
imagined place
a little chateau
I've made
in my thoughts
a little villa I keep
by a river
where I dream
dreams that
span across time
with every
beautiful Sunrise
I ascend
to a higher plane
at night
I hear the music
of enchanting violins
from the stars

***

- 10/6/2025

36.

Now pondering
by the light
of a Moon halo
brightest
of them all
and I'm hoping
awaiting patiently
to feel
the changing wind
let your eyes
see now
what they could not
see before
I remember
back when
it all seemed
like an eternal mirage
and now
I'm here pondering
listening to
the music
of the spheres
the music
of Andromeda
the music of
a million years ago
on a journey
across the heavens

***

- 10/6/2025

37.

Well I'm
building up
a mean despair
from breathing all
this gloomy
intrenchant air
if I check out
the news
it gets a lot worse
seeing it go around
in circles
like a spinning wheel
born of
the history books
let us look
for the road
we never thought
could exist
let us look for
Venus de Milo
in the morning mist

***

-10/6/2025

38.

What seems upright
in this reality
is upside down
what seems like
a pillar of stone
is actually salt
at six
in the morning
listening into
the stratosphere
a galactic horizon
above the forest
of pine and light
the essence
of a hidden splendor
the wind
upon which
a feather
is carried far

***

- 10/6/2025

39.

And so
I'm wishing
and wanting
for a change
to occur
so much anymore
has given itself
over to
the tedious
the mundane
the words
that echo
from teleprompters
so much
has grown thorns
that were
never there before
and how I do
still wish
to behold
the illumination
of stars
how I do
still wish
to behold
the nebula cloud
I would miss them
if I were ever
forced to leave
this land
of the quiet whisper

***

- 10/7/2025

40.

How dark
how dark
it has all become
yet I find myself
moving
in the direction
of a light
that can be seen
far away
yet clearly visible
there upon
the horizon
across the dark plateau
despite it all
I will keep moving
towards
this mysterious
and enchanting light
that is there
before us
for all to behold
for all to feel
some spark
of wonder
within them

***

- 10/7/2025

41.

The rains are
falling
it is early
no light
brought into
the world
just yet
if you listen
if you listen
closely
you may realize
the falling rain
has something
to tell you
the sound
of every drop
at its journey's end
a sound
a music
brought down
from the sky

***

- 10/8/2025

42.

You know
you'll find me
in a cloud
I wouldn't have it
any other way
today
seen too much
of the mundane
all around
decided I needed
a rest high up
in the clouds
the Sunlight
shining through
I can see
the stairway
to eternity
decided I needed
to step away
to go up and see
the birth
of a new day

***

- 10/8/2025

43.

Something like
a little fog
can create
an entire labyrinth
we hear names
whispered
in the wind
we see the stars
fading
as dawn approaches
out here
it's a different world
than the one
out there
two Moons
seem to rise
yet one is merely
a reflection
upon water
dream that
eternal dream
for wisdom
time reveals
its favor
every now and again
they said that
I had such a vision
I tell you truthfully
it's only now
they're starting
to realize

***

- 10/9/2025

Living under
these streetlights
this quiet
Jersey night
my old hometown
how it stays
in my memory
I'm still around
but it's just not
the same
the tides of time
have eroded
some idealism
in me
yet here we are
once again
you and I
under the streetlights
under the stars
of this New Jersey sky

***

- 10/9/2025

I'm not so sure
we'll get
to see it all
yet when those
visions appear
before us
we'll know
we've reached
our very own
promised land
it took us
a long time
it took us
so many years
yet here we are
down by the sea
listening as the waves
crash against
the pier
here we are
back where
we started
here we are
back where
the Moon
can enchant us
so easily
we'll always
have a place
in this world
that is magic
to us
down by the sea
when the stars
are shining

***

- 10/9/2025

46.

Out in
that morning field
there's a Sunflower
giving off
the truest light
somebody somewhere
imagined something
of the sort
and here it is
now confusion
spreads through
the world
like some shrill vapor
yet this Sunflower
out in
the morning field
gives us
enough light to see

***

- 10/9/2025

47.

I've been waiting
for a city light
to guide me
away from
a desperate plight
I've seen
those ravens
in the air
flying in
the blue .... blue
realm of the sky
that look
in their eyes
they've been
to Delphi
they know
that something
is true
they've got
something to reveal
the Moonlight
will tell us
something
if we know
how to look
conjuring up
a Victorian Era dream
I know it all
seems so surreal
yet here we are
in a world
that's so full of it

***

- 10/10/2025

48.

Under starry heavens
we moved forth
by night
towards some great
palace of
the north
made all of ice
some don't believe
that such
places exist
yet if you
hang up
your disbelief
for awhile
the dreamworld's
got something
to share
a frozen jewel
a frozen oasis
where it's day
at night
and night
when it's day
let's not think much
upon all of
these trivial things
let us just keep on
moving towards
the palace
of the Ice Queen

***

- 10/10/2025

49.

Serenity
is an old song
I once knew
we haven't
heard it in awhile
around these parts
moving up
the trail
towards a lake
and a dream
up to where
reflection
is always real
in the water
of memory
moving along
in this
quiet forest
while out there
the world seems
like its choking
on its own
complexity
I've been
a rogue before
back when
I couldn't bother
to conform
they made it easy
for you these days
to keep
carrying around
a bandit's hope

***

- 10/10/2025

50.

I see a new dream
awaiting me
I see an island
of clouds
out there
in that patch
of sky
I ask forgiveness
of ravens
not really
knowing why
how I see
this new dream
beyond
the ordinary light
give us
this flower
of the Moon
now I can
see it all
I hear the violins
the pieces
fall into place
another day
brings forth
the grace
we've sought after
all along

***

- 10/11/2025

51.

They're just looking
for us
to make a mistake
all the playing cards
with moving eyes
in this palace
and all the others
under the sky
the Queen especially
has a mean streak
you know
now sometimes
each new day
yields a new advantage
I can feel
the distant wind
the tundra's kiss
a shroud of darkness
has lifted
from the desert
of the morning

***

- 10/11/2025

Feeling all this
radiance
from the sky
life's like
a movie sometimes
knowing there's
so many ways
I could be fooled
and destiny
once foreshadowed
a thing to me
soon I'll be
moving along
on the path
to my
stained glass
vision
to conceptualize
to recognize
to remember
for all of time
I have these visions
as the vines
keep growing
as an orchestra plays
upon a lunar tide
I'll be out to sea
in a few weeks time
heading east
to a jewel
of a place
on the Portuguese
coastline

***

- 10/11/2025

53.

You gave me
fair warning
I gave you
no kind
of surprise
you saw
the vultures
were circling
I didn't realize
what it all meant
you left
all the pieces
scattered about
that's just how
it goes
thinking alone
these same old lines
I've got all eternity
to tend to
these roses
I suppose

***

- 10/11/2025

54.

We seek
an enlightened wind
do we not
down long roads
once of dirt
now of asphalt
some of what
was imagined
way back when
has returned
upon the clouds
and so I have
sought after
that very moment
of epiphany
so I observe
the direction
in which
the birds
are flying
give us
those momentary
daydreams
Athena... Hera
or Persephone
bring to us
the lantern
that lights the way

***

- 10/11/2025

55.

I move among
the fallen stars
I light a candle
that shall be
blown out
by the wind
I've walked
and walked
for over
a thousand centuries
it seems
every now and again
I think I'll see
the path
to a dreamworld
appear before my eyes
there on
a mountaintop
or a western desert
I move along
across time's plateau
when the stars
are falling
we give our wishes
to the night

***

- 10/12/2025

Remember us
down through
the years
we who got lost
in the cycle
of tears
once our daydreams
were taken
by the shadow
remember us
we who would
have wished
to imagine more
when the night
is full of candles
when the night sky
is full of
a northern glow
remember us
down through
the centuries
that lie ahead

***

- 10/12/2025

57.

In the valley
of the red rose
things have gotten
very wild
out on
that sandy beach
in Ocean City
in the Moonlight
I hear whispers
from another world
they speak
across the stars
as do I
out on the plateau
where rain
is always
a welcomed stranger
the grass
sways in the wind
where words of destiny
are spoken

***

- 10/12/2025

58.

Let's go steal
a little Moonlight
it's never a crime
if your intentions
are true
let's keep moving
down the line
lets go and find
that awakening
of the soul
that the land
can give to thee
I was once
marooned
on an island
far out to sea
a shipwreck
was my fate
yet the currents
brought me ashore
it was a year
before they
found me
this was back
in eighteen
and thirty four
when I had returned
they didn't
recognize me
so a new life
I made for myself
as I went
wandering west
towards
a golden dream

***

- 10/12/2025

59.

Out on
a bad road
in the worst year
I can recall
just wanted
to find a place
to disappear
from it all
went out
to the Pines
to a little
spot where
the Batona bends
I went out there
at Sunrise
that was the time
when everything
felt the most real
I found out there
a threshold
to the stars
and the eternal
cosmic sea
I would close
my eyes
and open them
to find
an ancient city
radiant
in the light
of dawn

***

- 10/12/2025

60.

I have an old
vision that
I cling to
imagination
can change reality
I've discovered this
on my own
sometimes
I awaken
under stars
that were
never seen before
sometimes
I walk along
the shore
and I listen
to the waves
speaking
of memory
beyond the horizon
sometimes I journey
across an expanse
of reflection
being awake within
a dreamworld

***

- 10/12/2025

62.

Up there
in the starry sky
I see all of those
windows
through which
we may
take a peak
and see eternity
up there
in the heavens
I see
so many dreams
yet to be realized
let us light
these candles
in observance
of the wishes
that we carry
within us

***

- 10/13/2025

63.

I heard
the witch's voice
upon the wind
like the breath
of the forest
as the dark night
wears its crown
of stars
here we are
our thoughts
drifting away
into the Universe
a journey
without boundary
such a belief
such a strong faith
drifting down
the river of time

***

- 10/13/2025

64.

Another night
another departing Sun
feeling the day
slipping away
and soon to sleep
and perhaps
a chance to dream
then it starts
all over again
another day
wandering around
in the maze
and I've carried on
this long
I may gripe a little
every now and then
looking out
the window
down that same
old rain again
thinking of all
those places
I never got to see
thinking of all
those days
that seem
so distant now
like a vanishing
mirage
here I am again
watching the Sun
fade away
feeling the time
slip away
to that space
in the heavens
between the stars

***

- 10/13/2025

65.

I know
that sometimes
these thoughts
can create illusions
I know how they
can conjure up
a mirage
I know that time
in this world
can be like
a fading wind
and I know
it begins
when the Moon
is bright
and the streets
are dark
and it's very true
I have wandered
through gardens
where nothing
was real
I have walked
through palaces
of frozen memory
and I just don't know
any magic tricks
anymore
I can't bring back
the good old days
yet I can still
dream of them
in the witch's hour

***

- 10/14/2025

66.

Feeling just fine
even in
this terrible storm
just keeping my eyes
on the lighthouse
that is where
I've conjured up
a different world
from a dream
seeing no Moonlight
seeing no stars
I have sailed along
this rocky coastline
I have found it
once again
a patch of blue sky
a window
to a world of light
that old lighthouse
guiding me back
calling me back
away from
the howling wind
away from
the roaring waves
back to that place
of tranquility
where the lighthouse
stands

***

- 10/14/2025

67.

Steal a little fire
steal a little wind
take it from
those hidden places
in this world
that keep
the ancient flames
aglow
if you go looking
to be marooned
you'll be disappointed
the man-made world
will be waiting
the man-made world
will always
find you there
and I clearly see
how you dream
of the north
with such passion
to one day
see the Sunset
in that glowing sky
flames in motion
the stars appearing
new worlds
awaiting discovery

***

- 10/14/2025

68.

When the mind
breaks apart
like a grapefruit
or a jar
you've dropped
along the sidewalk
take it
in stride
if you can
though it isn't easy
just carry on
with what pieces
you have left
we all get
a little broken
at times
don't give it
too much attention
let the wind
carry your thoughts
where it may
across the desert
where the Moonlight
reveals
the sleeping scorpion

***

- 10/14/2025

Now you know
there is
infinite
time and space
now you know
there are
infinite dreams
rolling along
on the sands
of Mars
now you know
that there are
radio stations
that broadcast
from the
North Pole
of Jupiter
now you know
the sailboats
on Titan
are making
for shore
such dreams
did we have once
when we were young
yet now
the rat race
has got us
and worn us down
though every
now and again
we look to the sky
with wonder
and remember

***

- 10/14/2025

Not really sure
what to
trust in anymore
the court jester
was let loose
in the land
and the Moonshine
distilleries
are back up there
on the hillside
and I haven't
gone out fishing
since Napoleon
left this world
on St. Helena
long ago
and here I am
taxed by the hydra
that grows
and grows
until it touches
the clouds
and on
Sunday morning
I'll go looking
for a Sunrise vision
I'll look for a place
in a ray of light
to depart
from this world
to the seashore
of a memory

***

- 10/14/2025

71.

Damn it all
they're stealing
my time
my future moments
are offered up
to a shadowy figure
with a scythe
what I wouldn't give
for some time
away from it all
rowing along
in the Moonlight
down that river
that reflects
my memory
damn it all
they want
every dime
got to feed
the expanding machines
they say
I just need
to be surrounded
by Pine trees
and I'll be okay
feeling
a lunar influence
its got me
dreaming about
the cosmic road ahead

***

- 10/15/2025

The Sun is rising
the storm
has passed
the world
had remembered
such light
through it all
and such light
has returned
here it is
here it is now
appearing before
our eyes
the Sun
we remembered
the light
that we hoped
to see again
and so here we are
and so our hopes
were fulfilled
and so
our wishes
were answered
it has returned
to us
that Sun
we know and love
and the whole world
is getting brighter

***

- 10/15/2025

I sometimes
wake up
with the feeling
I'm not
in the same world
as yesterday
and other times
it all seems
so much the same
going down
a road
we never
should have taken
what can you do
when there's so much
lightning and thunder
will I be awake
when the Sun
is rising tomorrow
will I get
to see things
the way
they were before
one last time
a brief glimpse
into the past
on a road
taking us
into the future

***

- 10/16/2025

Now we're looking
out there
look there
that bright star
reveals the way
taken around
in circles
down here
in all of this
cacophony
of confusion
we need
a light up there
to guide us
we need
a light up there
to take us
to a better place
of mind and spirit
one day
it'll guide us
to a new home
one day
we'll no longer
be alone
look there
that bright star
up there
that's the one
that reveals the way

***

- 10/16/2025

I'm out here
looking about
as the night bird
sings to me
with a Full Moon
up there
high and bright
looking about
looking about
at this realm
of the hidden night
so many things
that at first
didn't seem real
seemed to have
emerged from
a dream
looking about
wandering
in a valley
reflections
in the Moonlight
whispers
that speak
from the stars
I'm out here
in this hour
when dreams
can become reality

***

- 10/16/2025

Living in
this crazy world
that seems
like a maze
I wander
and wander
yet every day
I always end up
back where
I started
I used to believe
that the horizon
would be all mine
that I could always
climb up that vine
to her balcony
but then
the shadow
of time
crept up on me
one day
she was gone
and I was alone
in this maze
that always
seems the same
never finding
the way out
never reaching
the horizon

***

- 10/16/2025

77.

Sailing along
out on the sea
making my way
back to you
on that isle
in the fog
such a strange
eerie morning
such a mysterious time
the Sunlight
shining
through the fog
makes everything
look divine
and I'm sailing along
sailing along
I'll be ashore
so soon
I'll be with you
in the morning light
so soon
so soon
I'm sailing along
to get back to you

***

- 10/16/2025

78.

Morning light
finding a way
through
to my eyes
I feel the serenity
of a place
still half enraptured
in dreaming
the morning birds
begin to sing
the songs
that come to them
so naturally
I know I am bound
to collide
with the world
and all of its
fabricated appearance
yet here
under this sky
of a new day
I have found
a time
my own little
place in time
removed
from it all
far beyond it all
when wondrous dreams
are happening
in these
very moments
when the radiance
of the Sun
first appears
over the horizon

***

- 10/17/2025

Well....
I'll get beat down
in the grind today
thinking
nothing is
worth it
for this lousy pay
each hour
going by
as slow as
an ice age
I'll daydream
of better things
hoping a pleasant
mirage is real
just one time
just one time
that's all I need
to be free
to escape
the lousy way
of such things

***

- 10/17/2025

Rising from
this river of time
I hear the sparrows
singing
of so many
Sunrises
they remember well
carried by the wind
of passing days
the hourglass
does not pretend
for our sake
we move along
we move along
ever towards
a threshold
where such
a starry night
like we've
never seen
is revealed

***

- 10/17/2025

81.

Laughing away
all these
stormy nights
I've heard
so much thunder
and have seen
so much lightning
when a tempest
breaks the silence
I hear
in this
solitary room
I am mesmerized
by the lightning
flashes from Olympus
I hear Ariel's voice
singing
in the tempest wind

***

- 10/17/2025

82.

Poetry is Universal
poetry is Cosmic
I know this
to be true
I have heard
the bards
the poets
of other planets
acknowledge
my lines
spoken at Sunrise
in a quiet forest
spoken at Sunrise
along the edge
of the sea
poetry is Universal
poetry is Cosmic
poetry is read
towards the heavens
poetry is carried
across the vastness
between the stars

***

- 10/17/2025

83.

Going around
in a circular motion
one day
begets another
feeling alienated
from my
sincerest wishes
hoping to experience
a true day
just one true day
to live
one true day again
like how I
remember the days
from long ago
something has changed
something feels
so different now
the mundane
falling down
like a cold
winter rain
going around
in circles
always finding
myself
back to where
I've already been
I want to know
a real day again
feel it .... live it
make this daydream
seem so real

***

- 10/17/2025

Lets go
and feel the light
as its rising
out in the Pines
out where the Sunrise
always has
a jewel for me
lets go and
see the light
as it's rising
a star climbing
over the horizon
lets go and wish
ourselves away
from worries
lets go
imagine ourselves
in a different century
lets go out
into the Pines
lets cross
the boundary
lets step into
a waking dream
lets go
out where the deer
move about
so quietly
where the birds sing
of the bright tapestry
they behold
in the sky

***

- 10/17/2025

85.

The crickets
out there
chirping
in the darkness
here we are
in Autumn
soon they will
fade away
from the night
soon we will not
hear them
until they return
once again
with the arrival
of a new season
listening
to them tonight
listening to them
while they still
remain out there
in the darkness
out there
making their own
sweet music

***

- 10/17/2025

86.

We went
into the ballroom
there we found
the most
immaculate illumination
we could ever
dream of
we discovered then
that the reality
that we knew
was only
wishful thinking
and some folks
were not even
that wishful
anymore
in our disillusionment
we sought
an ideology
that would
free us in spirit
as wine
has so often
done for us before

***

- 10/18/2025

87.

Tell us
your wishes
the sincere ones
only the
sincere ones
we knew
in a radiant
instant
that rock & roll
would free us
when we first
heard it
there was no
putting this revelation
back in the bottle
we wanted
our rock & roll
by the spoonful
in the evenings
it made the stars
ever so much
brighter
to our
enchanted eyes

***

- 10/18/2025

88.

Billboards
tell us
of a place
where we may
buy a diamond
if we so choose
let us not
lose our own thoughts
in the turbulence
of the
right-left
arguments
we want to
rise above
mere podium
statements
and proclamations
we want to feel
the essence
of eternity
in the air
we must not
give ourselves
so freely
to hallucination
mobile phones
were a blessing
with a dagger
by a campfire
in the night
in a place
of solitude
let us look
to rediscover
our love
for a dark forest
so full of mystery

***

- 10/18/2025

89.

No longer certain
what we can
illuminate
shouldn't we try
shouldn't we try
to create
the brightest light
to ever be seen
with our hopes
wishes
expectations
the things
we long for
and desire
shouldn't we
be looking
within ourselves
for a spark
of joy
to spread
around the world
should we not seek
to give peace
the crown

***

- 10/18/2025

90.

Sing to us
of lost days
I want to
return to
the island
of statues
half obscured
in a haze
I want to
hear no more
about ballrooms
while there
is still
so much hunger
out there
in the world
we'll dream
of coral
beneath the waves
of pearls
and hidden
secrets of the sea

***

- 10/18/2025

The silence
of this night
is deafening
from it
I am receiving
too many
reflections
dreams that were once
possible to have
are now
floating away
in the darkness
and the night
has a lot
of stories
to tell
and all the
wild roses
out there
are asleep
let us drift away
upon the waves
in the ocean
of a melody

***

- 10/18/2025

92.

I get one day
a week
to wander anywhere
and to wander
nowhere
all other days
are given to
the routine
of the grind
I get one day
a week
to try and escape
the quicksand
that some of
my memories
have become
I get one day
to behold something
not created
of concrete
and steel
I get one day
a week
to seek an answer
to the question
of what is real
I get one day
a week
to be something
more than
a cog on
the production line
just one day
to wander the streets
and have
my sweet epiphanies

***

- 10/18/2025

93.

I just saw
a star
behind a tree
out there on
my balcony
out there in
the Autumn night
a dim yet
piercing light
sparkling
like a diamond
through the leaves
taking my thoughts
back to
someplace else
knowing tomorrow
the world
is waiting for me
I'll stay here
a moment
trying to
make it feel
like an eternity

***

- 10/18/2025

94.

Sometimes
I wish
that I could
relive it all
those days
before
the weariness
those days
before I knew
what I wish
I didn't
nothing
stays the same
forever
nothing is ever
spared the wrath
of a cold wind
forever
someday I wish
I could have
an honest redemption
some days
I don't want
to look
in the mirror
at my own
reflection
some days
I wish
and that
is all I do
as the clouds
go passing by

***

- 10/18/2025

95.

Keeping my eyes
on the weathervane
need some confirmation
of which way
the wind
is blowing
seems like
a storm's approaching
seems like
some vibes
just aren't
the same anymore
and I need truth
and I need
redemption
I need to know
the reason
for what's behind
all thats
been said
I'll be sinking
in confusion
if I don't
hold out
until the dawn
keeping my eyes
on the weathervane
a storm
is fast approaching
lightning flashes
out there
in the distance

***

- 10/18/2025

96.

The songs
of the Moonlight
tell me something
profound
you must
learn to listen
you must listen
closely
to hear the songs
of the lunar seas
ships sailing
in the glowing
craters
ships sailing
in a poet's dream
crystal swans
and a piano
along the edge
of a lake
early Sunday morning
just before
the dawn
the Moon
is like pearl
in the Ocean
of forever

***

- 10/19/2025

Insomnia
is a serpent
that slithers
into your room
it gets to you
when you really
need sleep
the most
insomnia
is one of
those things
you wish
did not exist
it makes it
seem like
the world
is slowing down
it makes it
seem like
you're being
dragged down
to the ground
insomnia
is a serpent
insomnia
is a serpent
that will tell
you lies
it will offer you
an apple
when just
being asleep
would be like
paradise tonight

***

- 10/19/2025

98.

Lovely little
midnight jewel
a diamond
a ruby
a star
perfection from
a parallel world
shining bright
with magic
shining like
a lighthouse
in the sea
of night
behold there
a lovely little
jewel of mine
flower of
an immaculate
garden
when I see you
I'm enchanted
as the comets
are ablaze
somewhere
as Venus
sparkles in the sky
lovely little
midnight jewel from
a parallel world
that is
the most real of all
to me

***

- 10/19/2025

99.

What can
I tell you
there's vipers
out there
along the road
there's cobras
hiding out there
behind the rocks
it's a dangerous road
yet it'll take you
to that place
you desire to be
just go along
most carefully
just go along
and keep
a sharp eye
there's an asp
or two
out there
hiding behind
the road sign
move along
move along
don't believe
any stories you hear
out there on
the road
about a tree
of knowledge
you know how
that old story goes
and how it ends
don't listen
to any serpent
pretending
to be a friend

***

- 10/19/2025

100.

Midnight
in the Moonlight
with a bottle
and the blues
she stung me
like a scorpion
yet I should
have seen
how it would
play out
and so it's over
in so many ways
it's all gone
and I'm gone
though the poison
hasn't fully
taken effect
she stung me
like a scorpion
in the twilight
and now
its midnight
and I'm out in
the Moonlight
with a bottle
and the blues
reliving those
pleasant memories
in my mind
one last time

***

- 10/19/2025

For me
the time clock
is like
a pendulum
and for me
Monday morning
is like being
trapped
in a dungeon
of the Inquisition
last night
I didn't drift away
in a dream
like I wanted to
there was only
a dark room
and mostly silence
I am beginning
to see
the end of
something now
is it also
the beginning
of something new
no one seems to
have figured out
a system
that is closer
to perfection
just yet
somewhere out there
there are clever
idealists
still hoping
to do just that

***

- 10/20/2025

102.

I'm out here
in a desert
yet it's only
a desert
of the mind
I'm out here
contemplating
the perfection
of the clouds
I'm out here
moving along
being followed
by the taxman
I see a flower
out here
in the desert
it glows
with a saving grace
I have gone across
a bridge of time
and have come back
a little wiser
all of these bills
chase me down
they follow me
like a legion
of crabs
I'm out here
in a desert
looking to
escape modernity
yet it never last
tomorrow brings
the songs
of yesterday
back to me

***

- 10/20/2025

I had
a humble
simple dream
last night
now the memory
of it
is all gone
vanished
the workday awaits
with its machinery
and its
electrical wires
and I've been
away from
the sea for awhile
my soul
is starting to feel
the absence
I make plans
to go back
yet they are
only wishes for now
the day
awaits me now
Monday morning
feeling like
an old castle
of cold stones
winter is inching
a little closer
soon enough
frost will cling
to the flowers

***

- 10/20/2025

104.

Some days
the marbles fall
some days
the world
feels small
and some days
its too large
to see
and some days just
don't align
with me
some days
I'm trying
to hold it together
some days
I just daydream
and drift away
like a feather
some days
I see so many
new faces
some days
I feel lost
in those old
familiar places
some days
I remember
hearing
the angel's voice
some days
I remember
that I was given
a choice
now I see
now I see
some days
seem like
a hurricane
some days
are like
a summer breeze

***

- 10/20/2025

Waking up to
the world
this morning
like being
pulled away from
a place
of sublime bliss
thrown into
a world
of infinite
money printing
we print things
and some
call them sacred
some see
that it's only
a mirage
pulled away from
another world
I can't even
remember now
yet I know
that it was full
of sublime bliss
I know that it
was something
really extraordinary
I know that it was
the way home
the land
of both twilight
and dawn

***

- 10/21/2025

106.

I'm just
dreaming a dream
out in the rain
cold and wet
yet it drives away
the pain
I'm just thinking
of some things
that I ought to
think through
not wishing
to spend
anymore time
on what the rain
can wash
away now
let it be gone
let it be over
some memories
run their course
then return
to the soil
and the rain
will pull you through
trust in the rain
keep faith
keep it strong
there's an island
out there
in the tropical sea
its yours
your sanctuary away
from whatever
you wish
we sail
this afternoon
when the rains
shall yield
to the Sunlight

***

- 10/21/2025

107.

There it is
the music
of the spheres
filling my eyes
in this land
now growing
brighter
in the light
of a rising Sun
and I've got to
go out there
into this
strange world
to keep up
appearances
I've got to
go play the part
that they've
given me
I've got to go
tip toe and dance
between the shadows
I've got to
get out there
and let the cycle
run its course
I've seen a little
of the worst
now it's time
to see a little more
of all
that is better
and you know
I'll be listening
as the sweet music
of the spheres
fills my ears
and so my journey
now begins
in the light
of a rising Sun

***

- 10/21/2025

108.

Well the hearing
seems to be going
in that one ear
what a lovely
little bit
of cruel fate
and now
it's getting late
and the world
is sounding strange
like a carnival
in slow motion
I hear a commotion
taking place
but I know
it's not real
and however many
dollars I made today
will go to waste
I know it
might as well
be in outer space
the view
would be
much better
I know it

***

- 10/21/2025

109.

Those little stars
up there
ain't so little
once you
get closer
and sometimes
things seen
in the mirror
are a reflection
from yesterday
and there are
miniature forest
with miniature trees
growing in all
the empty
beer bottles here
and the night wind
is like a banshee
telling me
prophecies
I try not to listen
but the words
get through
the broken windows
and from the shadows
a bright city
of the future
appears before
my eyes
a little glimpse
of tomorrow's world
was somehow
revealed to these eyes

***

- 10/21/2025

110.

Once ... a long
time ago
somebody told me
something
that came true
and the rock
in my shoe
feels like
the Rock of Gibraltar
The Pillars
of Hercules
and there's
an old streetlight
out there
in the night
attracting
the bats
of summer
with those
little red eyes
of the vampire
what I wouldn't give
for a little cabin
in the Carpathians
yet here I am
in Jersey
wondering how
so many years
went by so fast
and tomorrow
let it begin
all again
the cycle
that leads
to nowhere

***

- 10/21/2025

111.

Being there
at work today
the clocks
all were laughing
in a very
sadistic manner
knowing
that they
were going
as slow as
a mule
on the Autobahn
and outside
the grass
was growing
taller
in the October
afternoon
and momentarily
I could feel
the dreams
that were
emanating
from the
distant stars
though I could
not yet see
the distant stars
the clocks
then began
speaking to me
of Neo-Platonism
I didn't know
what to
make of it
so I didn't
make anything of it

***
- 10/21/2025

It's nothing
anymore
just a slippery slope
the street out there
is cracked
and full
of potholes
here we are
existing at the end
of one dream
we know it
by the color
of the sky
we know it
in the absence
of the music
that was once there
I behold a candle
out of time
its flame is bright
yet seems to me
like an omen
and I stand
and I look
out the broken window
I stand there
and I look
at the abandoned factory
light and time
flow and dance
in their own way
and here we are
some of us
still hoping
to be around
when the music
returns

***

- 10/22/2025

113.

O' risen Sun
of a dream
rising in a dream
shining in a dream
I look to you
to understand
what forever means
I find myself
surrounded
by a mist
I find everything
around me
obscured in a mist
yet I still see you
O' risen Sun
O' risen Sun
of a dream
I still see you
as eternity's
torch light
most true
most bright
of them all

***

- 10/22/2025

114.

I'm waiting
around tonight
hoping to see
a little spark
up there in the sky
maybe
a Supernova
maybe
a collision
of galaxies
it all creates
some spectacular
light to be seen
far more interesting
than a lightbulb
or a streetlight
I'm waiting here
experiencing
the passage of time
knowing that
tomorrow
will be
a carbon copy
of one day
last week
so here I am
bound to the silence
of this place
forever will be
such a long time
for imagining things
yet I can wait
I know I can wait

***

- 10/22/2025

115.

I went out there
to prove a point
that what was once
thought only
an idealistic dream
could be made
into reality
I went out there
along the edge
of the sea
and let my words
flow over
the waves
towards
the rising Sun
I went out there
and spoke
to the galaxy
and the galaxy
spoke back to me
and for
a short time
we were all
brought together
and watched
the Sun rise
down at
the Jersey Shore

***

- 10/22/2025

116.

I should stop
checking the time
at the office
it usually just leads
to disappointment
and despair
feeling in
my mind
that it should be
one time
but it's not
even close
to being there yet
the rug pulled out
from under my feet
that's what
it feels like
if it were a place
of delight and joy
that would be
a different story
but we're talking about
time at
the office here
where it seems like
there is no horizon
where one might
easily forget
that there is
a blue sky
and Sunshine out there
beyond these walls

***

- 10/22/2025

117.

They sent me
a spam email
at the office
those folks
that seem to
do nothing
but send out
spam emails
or maybe
they were bots
seeking the oblivion
of all knowledge
of eternity
I wonder about
these bots sometimes
what a plague
they have become
with each passing year
we seem to
be living with
larger and larger
bot infestations
bots cling to
this reality
like barnacles
cling to the bottom
of a rusty old ship
I sometimes wonder
about those folks
that seem to do
little else
but create propaganda
all the time
many tend to
their bot farms
and dreams of dystopia
in the early
star-filled hours
of the morning

***

- 10/22/2025

118.

I don't really know
what I'm trying
to illuminate
with these candles
anymore
everything
I build with
these hands
was predestined
to be undermined
that's how
predestiny
often works
and it's like
a barking dog
that jumps up
at you
from someplace
within your memory
and I don't
really know
what to make
of anything now
yet I know
I just keep
wandering through
a circus world
I know that I
just keep believing
in something
beyond the light
of the Sun

***

- 10/23/2025

I've got to
keep running
I've got to
keep moving
but I keep stopping
in whatever avenue
I find myself
listening
to the wind chimes
of the front porches
I just keep
listening
to that sound
of the wind chimes
created by
the wind
I know
I've got to
keep going
keep running
it's just that
I keep stopping
when I hear
the sound
of those wind chimes
they make me
think back
they make me
remember better days
and so I listen
on whatever avenue
I find myself
in any old town
U.S.A.

***

- 10/23/2025

120.

I'm here
just looking
for excuses
to not embrace
the night
as I should
some of these
excuses
seem hopeful
in appearance
yet they have
no reflection
in the mirror
and so I am here
wasting time
for time would be
wasting itself
anyway
that's all there is
to say about it
as I'm here
just looking around
for the most
inviting mirage

***

- 10/23/2025

121.

It was
a lost night
I thought too much
and that brought me
to nowhere pleasant
it was
a lost night
the wind sought
to intimidate me
the trees outside
seemed menacing
the clock
hanging up there
on the wall
was up to
its old game
of conveying
absurdity
I looked for
the Moon
up in the sky
but it wasn't risen
it wasn't there
when I needed it
when I sought it out
and I was
thinking too much
and sometimes
that is like
quicksand
sometimes that is
like the opposite
of nirvana

***

- 10/23/2025

122.

Woke up
in an old
wooden shack
by the sea
I was plucked
out of a dream
the old wooden shack
by the sea
was plucked
out of a dream
both of us
were plucked out
of a dream
most suddenly
so there I was
looking around me
looking at
the beach
the sand
looking out
over the sea
believing
for a moment
that I could see
Ithaca out there
it was only
for a moment
a brief moment
yet if you
ask me now
I do believe
that I was seeing
Ithaca out there

***

- 10/24/2025

Damn it
I fell asleep
surrounded
by the thorns again
all around me
in the fading
twilight
all around me
as far as
the eyes could see
there were thorns
horizons of thorns
a line of sight
full of thorns
trajectories
full of thorns
plateaus of thorns
and up there
in the sky
I saw a vast
black hole
with an
event horizon
full of thorns

***

- 10/24/2025

Listening
to the howling
wind
as the night
itself
throws me
into a storm
the rain
has extinguished
all the flames
but for the ones
that will
never be extinguished
and I have searched
long and hard
for a dream
that I can make
into a personal
obsession
I feel a moment
of time
crawling
up my back
I remember
bright rays
of Sunshine
yet they are
absent here now
it is night
and the night
has cast me
into a storm
as an old
phonograph
plays on and on

***

- 10/24/2025

It's almost
midnight
and there's no song
stuck in my head
at this hour
a Cynic philosopher
didn't leave
a lantern
on my front porch
though I truly
wish one did
I don't hear
the call
of a night owl
around here
at this hour
I only hear
the occasional sound
of a car
going down
the nearby road
everybody
is somewhere
though some folks
believe that
they are stuck
in a place
known as nowhere
and some of us
have always felt
that everywhere
was nowhere
it's all a state
of mind I suppose
if you feel something
when you believe
that you are somewhere
many blessings to you
but if you feel
nothing
welcome to
the town of nowhere
friend

***

- 10/24/2025

A cold morning
its finally arrived
no misunderstanding
about it
the time of year
of flowers
and bumblebees
is gone
the time of year
of Sunflowers
has given way
to frost
and falling leaves
a cold morning
that's what it was
old man winter
knocking
at your door
wake up in there
wake up in there
I want you
to feel the cold
I want you
to see
it's the time
of year
of the frost
covered field
know your own
reality
know it well
know when it changed
to the cold.... cold
season of the year

***

- 10/25/2025

127.

That's it
that's the sky
where the
visions appear
that's the atmosphere
of oxygen
and whatever else
where I see
glowing palaces
in the clouds
and dirigibles
going by
that's the one
that sky up there
I see them
up there
old wooden
sailing ships
sailing up in
the blue sky
from cloud to cloud
when certain
conditions are met
when things
are just right
when the time clock
and the hourglass
synchronize
their intentions
there's always
something miraculous
to see up there
if you know
when and how
to look
which I always do

***

-10/25/2025

128.

Living when
the energy's down
it's never easy
it's never ideal
I wish my circumstances
were more like
a rainbow
and Sunshine
after the rain
but now
the energy is down
the news station
brings me no joy
I'm starting
to notice
the geese
flying south
for the winter
where will it end
will I be left here
all alone
in a cold tundra
of the mind once again

***

- 10/26/2025

129.

Nothing's really
much of
a revelation now
those wise sages
told us
how it was
going to go down
long ago
I always try
to feel the wind
on my skin
that others
have not
imagined before
and I don't know
what it all
boils down to
but I know
that it doesn't require
any dough or eggs
somewhere out there
deep within
the electrified city
the city of so many
glowing lights
there's a sage
that saw a little
more than the others
he's trying
to tell us
he's trying to explain
though none of us
can see the fire
in his words just yet
none of us
though the winds
never before imagined
are beginning
to be felt

***

- 10/26/2025

I am searching
for a destiny
bright as the Sunrise
on Io
I am searching
for such a melody
I've only heard before
drifting along
the rings of Saturn
I want to
step over
the threshold
I want to be
where the stars
speak to me
of creation
I am searching
for a place
of humble sanctuary
upon the deserts
of Mars
I am searching
I am going forth
into the unknown
the unexplored
for we must find
such wondrous things
as our sails catch
the winds of time
and we are carried
across the ocean
of a vast eternity

***

- 10/26/2025

131.

Sing me a song
up in that
glowing valley
on the Moon
sing me a song
to drive
my troubles away
every day
down here
in this world
just feels the same
over and over
but up there
in that glowing valley
up there
on the Moon
I find something more
something
so much more
so won't you
sing me a song
that'll echo across
them lunar seas
we'll find us
some Moon-pearls
up there
sell them back down
in the world below
we'll strike it rich
and then on down
to the tropics
we'll go

***

- 10/26/2025

So lets get on
with the story
of our time
lets take a little
walk through
the garden
let us have
a little bit
of wine
let us go down
to the sea
that place
along the sea
we've always loved
so dear
lets go on
lets go on
with the story
of our time
lets believe
in a new dream
while still believing
in an old one
lets go for a stroll
down on the boardwalk
let us feel
the warm Sunlight
of a thousand tomorrows
that are yet to be

***

- 10/26/2025

133.

The jackals
are out there
and hungry tonight
there's no wind
no sound
just silence
just night
complete stillness
stillness and darkness
darkness and night
nothing moving
nothing making
a sound
because there's
jackals out there
and the jackals
are very hungry
tonight

***

- 10/26/2025

134.

Time keeps
slipping away
from me
like water
underneath
my feet
I cannot predict
its currents
the directions
it will move in
I predict nothing
I can realize
nothing
I am simply moved
by time's wisdom
or sometimes
its lack of wisdom
and the Moonlight
remains
a sacred thing
to me
celestial illumination
in the dark
light is brought to
hidden places
by time
in all of
its wisdom
or lack of wisdom
yet it always
remains to me
like water
underneath my feet

***

- 10/27/2025

135.

I listen
and I can hear
a choir
upon the wind
I shall cross over
thresholds
of light
born of
celestial fire
I shall dance upon
a reflection
of the sky
and I shall
know why
I shall
know why
time is so
mysterious
in its ways
I shall know why
time sometimes
sings a song
of tomorrow
or yesterday
yet not of today
I shall discover
something
of this perplexing
mystery

***

- 10/27/2025

136.

Reveal to me
a light
that is
the embodiment
of redemption
a light
that can purify
a light
that can make
dreaming
the sole pursuit
of one's life
show me a light
that washes away
the dust
and grime
of the modern streets
as if it were
purifying water
let it wash away
all traces
of the worldly
reveal to me
such a light

***

- 10/27/2025

Seeing
the same mirage
I've seen
a thousand times
knowing that
I'll never reach it
knowing that
once I even get
a little close
it will vanish
it will be gone
until the next time
that it appears
to me
yet I would
much rather
it appear
than not appear
for just
the appearance
of such a mirage
is still something
of a jewel I find
though it may
only be
an illusion
a deception
trickery
of the eyes
and of
cruel creation
I don't mind
so much
being deceived
by such
a splendid vision

***

- 10/27/2025

138.

Muses
of the great chill
of the wind
of the fire
whisper
into my ears
into my soul
in moments
of lost reflection
they compel me
to write down
lines that
flow through me
lines that
pierce my flesh
and draw blood
like thorns
lines that wear
a Venetian mask
and laugh mockingly
at my misfortune

***

- 10/27/2025

I don't know
anything
about what's
out there
and that's
the truth of it
I dream sometimes
you dream
sometimes
we both dream
of things
that seem
to belong
in this world
yet what seems
to be
is not always
what is
and there's so much
out there
that I
don't know about
sometimes
in the Moonlight
in the bright
Moonlight
I can lose myself
in my thoughts
sometimes I feel
like I can simply
fly away
like a dove
in the night

***

- 10/28/2025

140.

We're dreaming
aren't we
we were given
a chance
and all that
we did with it
was dream
we could see
the icebergs
up ahead
we could see
the albatross
up in the sky
we knew that we
were sailing
towards
the frozen lands
and all
we were doing
was dreaming
we couldn't
help ourselves
we probably couldn't
change our destiny
if we tried
we were bound to it
we were bound
to feeling
the ethereal winds
we were bound
to see with
our own eyes
the frozen land
that lies ahead

***

- 10/28/2025

141.

I will spend
this day
wandering
a desert
of meaningless time
or so it
will seem
as beyond
these walls
the world
goes about
its business
and some things
out there
are a part
of the natural
order of things
and other things
are abominations
and other things
are false idols
born of
mistaken philosophies
and some things
are just
propaganda
with bat wings
and some things
are born of
the Sun
these are often
the best things
for they are
the brightest
by far

***

- 10/28/2025

142.

I'm listening
to the fiddle
playing
while the city burns
my thoughts
drift away
in reminiscence
of brighter days
back in my youth
when the road
before me
still felt
like a beginning
now it feels
I'm reaching
the end
of the road
when you see
a city burning
and a fiddle playing
it's usually
a bad sign

***

- 10/28/2025

Listening to
that old prophecy
whispered
in the wind
it can be
a strange feeling
knowing what's
going to happen
knowing what
lies ahead
knowing what
is waiting
just up the road
knowing
there's nothing
you can do
to change things
yours is
just one faint voice
in a crowd
that is shouting
the machinery
of the thing
is already
in motion
the hourglass
is already
committed
to its purpose
there's nothing
you can do
but listen
to that
old prophecy
carried on the wind

***

- 10/28/2025

144.

Listening tonight
to the dripping
faucet
in my kitchen
it is like
the music of
a hollow philosophy
it is like
the music
of a philosophy
of thorns
its like the echo
of a memory
that was itself
only an echo
I often want
to believe
that the stars
are eternal
yet the dripping
of the kitchen
faucet
pulls me back
into a colder
wakefulness
I know that
the stars
will not last
forever
yet perhaps
their light
will continue on
and so in the end
the light prevails
after all

***

- 10/28/2025

145.

I am stealing
a song
from the wind
I do not contemplate
asking permission
I simply grab it
and fly onward
towards
the golden palace
of Helios
and though
you might
think me
suffering from
disillusions
and madness
I tell you
truthfully
I am simply
existing
in an age
yet to be realized
surrounded by
places in time
that have yet
to catch up to me

***

- 10/28/2025

146.

The day awaits
the stars
are not seen
the sky to grey
a few drops
of rain fall
and that is all
nothing significant
and the world
is waiting for me
I must offer up
some kind
of sacrifice
to the world
before noon
the world
never forgets
a bounty due
it will always
have it
one way
or another
so be it
I do not argue
I just think
of the stars
not seen

***

- 10/29/2025

147.

The disappointments
can fall down
upon you
from the light
of the Sun
some days
wear a mask
and seem
to hide
their true intentions
some days
become a sandpit
of meaningless words
some days
create the gauntlet
through which
you must run
some days you
simply fall victim
to the wind
and you hear
the howling
so clearly

***

- 10/29/2025

Outside tonight
there is wind
there is rain
there is uncertainty
hunger
anxiety
fear
outside
there are so many
of the things
that have
plagued us
throughout
the ages
why must
the same stories
play out
over and over
across centuries
the outward
appearance
may differ
with the times
yet underneath
the play
is the same
the theater
is always
familiar to us
the tragedy
may be forgotten
for a time
yet it is always
quickly remembered

***

- 10/29/2025

149.

My dream
is the sleeping owl
the willow
in the meadow
my dream
is the setting Sun
and its rising
over the coastline
my dream
is the ancient
obelisk
standing in
a field
of tall grass
its presence
is a mystery
my dream
is all mysteries
yet when
I awaken
they are all
so quickly
forgotten

***

- 10/29/2025

150.

Waiting for
the winter
of the Sun
waiting to hear
a choir
of the Pleiades
waiting
to behold
an oracle
in the trees
waiting for
the sounds
of the night
to create
a cacophony
of visions
I see rising
from the meadow
a dream
of my own soul
I see dreams
of my own soul
gathering
near a tree
full of crows
I hear
the words
of prophets
I see
the lanterns
of sages
I am redeemed
having risen
from the depths
of this world

***

- 10/29/2025

151.

The pendulum
has swung
back around
I must go back
into the grinder
of hours
hours and moments
shredded
and cast to
the winds
lost for all time
yet from it
just a little toil
was given
to the system
of the
thinking machines
grey skies
cold winds
it is here
at last
a dystopia
risen like
a beast
from the sea
and oil rigs
the pendulum swings
hope is severed
from the body
and mind
it all drifts away
like the smoke
of a candle
that has
just expired

***

- 10/30/2025

I know
you have
been waiting long
for a desert wind
to bring you
redemption
I know
that you
have seen
not only
what the world is
but what
the world can be
I know
that you have seen
the great
hourglass
behind the curtain
I know that you
are familiar
with the
serpent's voice
I know
that you
have found
a new beginning
and a new ending
entangled
in the vines
I know you to
have seen
the shining stars
that have moved
a little closer
tonight

***

- 10/30/2025

153.

Sing me
a sweet tune
merciless night
I am one
who has
known you
for a long time
I am one
who has seen
so many dreams
disappear
in shadows
that are
your creation
sing to me
tonight
that song
that the crows
have learned
so well
and that they
sing so often
as you cast
your shroud
across the land
at twilight

***

- 10/30/2025

154.

I want to be
lost in Sunlight
that itself
is lost
in the Sun
I want to dream
in an Arctic igloo
where iguanas
sleep
I want to know
the essence
of a cold wind
I want to find
an old
and immaculate
tintype
of a desert
I want to listen
to the bells
that echo
across the sea
when stars
and comets
fill the sky

***

- 10/30/2025

155.

Pulled forth
suddenly
almost violently
from the land
of sleep
here I am
once more
in the place
of the dried up
fountains
and the withered
flowers
here I am
in the place
of the
withered roses
and my car
could use
a cleaning
but I won't be
doing that
anytime soon
looking back
it always seemed
like there was
more time
in the old days
I don't know
what happened
between me
and time
something changed
time stopped
being there
for me
as much as
it once had been

***

- 10/31/2025

156.

I am listening
as a comet
passes by
a choir
organs
flutes
music born
of a place
where the dream
is the true reality
music born
of a place
where eternal things
are all around
and I am
listening
and I am allowing
this music
to fill my soul
as it always
was before
and how it
will always be
hereafter

***

- 10/31/2025

157.

Island
in the sea
of time
I know you well
old friend
through all these
long years
of thorns
and Sunlight
of being
so near
an ocean
salty and
musical
I have seen
you before
in so many
visions
and I know
that it is
to you
that I will
be sent
one day
when my
hourglass
has run
its course

***

- 11/1/2025

158.

I woke up
and the world
was spinning
to the east
in the sky
I saw a Sun
of the
Medieval age
and the world
where memory
and flowers
the songs
of the birds
and the blue
of the sky
it all flowed
and mingled
together like
an ocean tide
when I was
awake this day
this lovely
lovely day
in the vast
story of creation

***

- 11/1/2025

159.

I went to bed
last night
with a commitment
to accomplish
many things today
not necessarily
things that
I'll enjoy
yet things
that must
get done
I had put them
off for too long
I have
procrastinated
been lazy
been too
indifferent
to the world
and all
the worldly things
that I must do
and so
here we are
the next day
and I find
that I only have
the motivation
to stare up at
the bright
morning sky
of the east

***

- 11/1/2025

160.

I hear
the muses sing
out there
in the forest
deep in
the forest
I hear
the muses sing
I hear
them sing
in a place
that is
a true sanctuary
for my weary self
how I have
been weary
living in
this world
where there is
unseen vertigo
in the air
how I have
been weary
seeming to
repeat
the same routines
over and over
yet when I hear
the muses sing
all of that
weariness
is lifted
from my soul
here in a place
that is
a true sanctuary
for me

***

- 11/1/2025

161.

Well I'm stealing
a little light
from the Sun
well I plan on
taking some
of them balloons
from the carnival
well I plan on
talking with
that lion
in a cage
his cage
is of metal bars
my cage
is of envelopes
in the mailbox
yes I know
I'll have some
waking dreams
at the carnival
yes I know
I'll be stealing
a little light
from that
emerald Sun
up there
I'll grow
and expand
my personal
philosophy
as I hear
sweet minstrels
from the sky
above the carnival
this day

***

- 11/1/2025

Just another
New Jersey morning
after another
long and hazy
New Jersey night
and I'm wondering
if I'll see
the etherial
diamonds
today
I've got a muse
some tobacco
and cheap wine
I've been living
in a place
of whispers
and thorns
so don't expect me
to always be
a cheery fellow
in the Moonlight
I sometimes sing
as many have
that have gone
before me
I see a very old
fountain
in the garden
its water
is the elixir
of inner peace
and all the years
the years
the years
they've left
their scratches
and scars

***

- 11/1/2025

163.

Give me
that bottle
of cheap wine
and I'll go
into the igloo
I've created
with my mind
in the North Pole
I've always imagined
in the frozen
windswept land
that's been
a reoccurring
dream of mine
for so long
give me
that bottle
and I'll disappear
into my own
visions
for a time
I'll listen
to symphonies
and not politics
on my old radio
I'll go to
someplace
I've gone before
and where
I wish to be
give me a bottle
of cheap wine
it is the answer
to the distress call
I've been
sending out
through my mind

***

-11/1/2025

Well they called
up my phone
saying I owed them
for this
or that bill
I let my mind
go blank
I had a daydream
of Tahiti
I would leave
my phone behind
the trees
the sea
the breeze
the beach sand
and the Sun
the light
of being alive
and finding joy
under that
Tahiti Sun
that Tahiti Sun
the bill collectors
won't be calling me
no more
out in that
oasis I've found
under that
dreamlike
Tahiti Sun

***

- 11/1/2025

165.

I saw
the morning vision
it was of
a strange
hourglass
floating there
in a sky
of tintype
memory
I wished
to ascend
and walk
upon the clouds
yet sometimes
wishes are like
drops of rain
I saw so many
cathedrals
castles
towers from
a fairy tale
up there among
the cloud realms

***

- 11/1/2025

Well I've been
walking
that thin line
between
a true epiphany
and the onset
of madness
I saw an albatross
flying up there
above the ocean
it seemed
a bit
out of place
this far south
along the coastline
of luxury homes
boardwalks
and barren marshes
yes .... the eyes
can deceive
yet they can
also reveal
a great mystery
I haven't ventured
far enough
from this place
of immaculate
confusion
I once wondered
where all of these
many roads lead to
now I am simply
content to stare
out to sea
where the horizon
is always revealing
a memory

***

- 11/1/2025

Here I am
it's Autumn
Sunrise
yet I didn't
get out
and go anywhere
I'm just here
in the
old apartment
surrounded by
stacks of books
that sometimes
topple over
I keep telling
myself
that I'll
straighten up
the place
yet there never
seems to be
enough time
and motivation
the hours seem
to blow away
like sand
in the wind
and here I am
hearing the
humming
of my refrigerator
staring at a wall
experiencing
the flow of time
unable to rise up
and do anything
with it

***

- 11/2/2025

168.

We know
that we've
been thrown
headlong into
a storm
of confusion
and we're
just trying
to make it
to that path
of calm
and Sunlight
over in a field
off in the distance
we know that
all of our
familiar philosophies
have been
undermined
by jaded words
we know
that our belief
was strong
yet the storm
is also strong
we know
that there are
sanctuaries
out there
waiting for us
if we can only
hold on long enough
for fate
to intervene
and show us
that Sunflower
we once saw
one time
in a dream

***

- 11/2/2025

Here I am
listening to
sonnets
carried upon
the wind
from some
vast plateau
in my memory
and this memory
and this
morning
I have a feeling
of time
stalking me
its form
and appearance
is like one
of those
plague doctors
from the
Middle Ages
time seeks
to sweep me up
and throw me
into a field
of withered flowers
time wants
me to know
the fate
of all things
eventually
without
the slightest
hint of doubt

***

- 11/2/2025

170.

I do not know
the hour
or the day
that my
last poem
will be
scribbled out
yet I know
that it will begin
like many
other days do
the Sunrise
shall cast
its light upon
a mountaintop
somewhere
in this world
a flower
in a valley
somewhere
shall be revealed
to eyes that may
seek to find
upon that day
of my last poem

***

- 11/2/2025

171.

I recognize
that it's an hour
when the crows
reign over this
postindustrial realm
of vines
and centipedes
I recognize
that the eyes
of crows
are like little
crystal balls
of prophecy
when they gather
their cacophony
may not be
pleasant to
the ears
so far removed
from the music
of a symphony
or a choir
heard through
the golden clouds
of dawn
their music
is a music
of foretelling
a music of
warning
throughout
the centuries
they have sought
to enlighten us
about the road
we are about
to take
the wrong road
the one we always
seem to find
irresistible
***

Knowing
you're one
of the ones
that trouble
just seems
to rain
down upon
sometimes
punishment
carried over
from a past life
perhaps
who knows
maybe
a goddess
who spends
her days
up with
the constellations
looked down
to the Earth
and took
an immediate
disliking to you
who knows
all you know
is that
some kind
of wishful thinking
or lucky charm
won't change
a thing

***

- 11/2/2025

173.

Awoke
to a Monday
morning of rain
cold rain
early November
a part of me
believes
I should find this
a miserable thing
it's fine
I accept it
for what it is
as sometimes
it feels like
every day
is Monday morning
in the rain

***

- 11/2/2025

Yes.... I can feel
the song
that is hidden
there in the wind
yes.... I know
that there was once
a path here
that would
take one
to the palace
of dreams
yet the path
cannot be seen
anymore
buried by
the wind
and the sand
of so many years
and even more
simply because
people stopped
seeking out
the oasis of dreams

***

- 11/3/2025

175.

Now I know
that there
have been times
when I've heard
the voice
of the world
it has spoken
to me
of a future destiny
that can
be realized
if just enough
of us
down here
would see
down here
in this world
while up there
in the heavens
the stars
serenade
one another

***

- 11/3/2025

176.

I am moving
towards
that bright horizon
that place
that destiny
I've always
wished for
I'm not there yet
but I'm on my way
rain soaked streets
cracked sidewalks
a busted
picket fence
or two
these things
lay before me
yet I see
the horizon
I am moving
towards
the horizon
between the
nine to five
the late nights
the late mornings
the days
when fog
is everywhere
the days
in the bright
Sunlight
an old abandoned car
an old mailbox
for so long
a withered flower
a wise looking
old cat
I see them all
moving towards
my horizon

***

- 11/3/2025

177.

It's hard
to even
imagine anything
anymore
yet sometimes
it hits you
momentarily
and for a few
brief moments
you see
something there
a utopia
a paradise
the way things
could
and should be
and then it's gone
it was only there
for a brief moment
and then
the moments
give way again
to where nothing
is hardly
imagined anymore

***

- 11/3/2025

178.

Do you see
that shadow there
on the street
that shadow
is true reflection
that shadow
embodies the world
in this place
and time
where we've fallen
into a chasm
of the mundane
the repetitious
cycles
that will
mean nothing
in a thousand years
I had given
my heart and soul
to an obsession
unwillingly
only at some point
I was willing
and at that point
I was devoured
by the shadow

***

- 11/3/2025

179.

I spoke
to the stars
and they were
infinitely
more interesting
than anything
I've ever heard
on the evening news
I do not
claim this
from a podium
with a teleprompter
I claim this
from a worn down
old chair
in my apartment
where I scribble
my thoughts
into cheap notebooks
whose pages
seem as bright
as a memory
of stars

***

- 11/3/2025

180.

Opening my eyes
the first moments
of a new day
I can hear
and feel
a cold wind
lashing my senses
even though
there is no wind
here I am
opening my eyes
to the same
mad world
the morning birds
do not appear
to be singing
just yet
it seems like
they're looking
for something
to sing about
and here we are
a new day
one more
chalk mark
on the wall
one more look
at the morning sky
filling with light
surely there
are things
still left
to sing about

***

- 11/4/2025

181.

So there are
those days
when you
feel helpless
when your voice
seems drowned out
by the call
of the loons
and the dodo birds
yes .... there are
those days
those days
when you can
vividly remember
all that
has been lost
all that has
been sold out
all that
has been wasted
and cut into
smaller
and smaller pieces
by all of
the arguments
so there are days
when you can still
feel a bit
of essence
of something
that was remarkable
yet for
the most part
it's gone now
lost in the
shifting winds
of time
and the cacophony
of the dodo birds

***

- 11/4/2025

182.

These nights
full of
the flames
and all of
the eternal joys
those nights
full of the image
of an illusion
that entranced
you once
that was only real
for a few
brief moments
those nights
staring up
at the Milky Way
feeling small
and insignificant
in the presence
of a thing
so beautiful
mysterious
and real
the nights
of the flames
that never seem
to go out
entirely
they're often
waiting for you
at the end
of the day
when the stars
are just beginning
to appear
in the heavens

***

- 11/4/2025

183.

There I would go
at Sunrise
into the forest
and speak poems
into the morning sky
a synthesis
of words and light
of words
and the essence
of a new day

***

- 11/4/2025

184.

For so long
it seems
I have been adrift
among these shadows
of modern society
I cannot seem
to reconcile myself
to them
there are days
when I curse
the wind
and then there
are days
when I offer
my fate
to its whims
there are days
when I can imagine
a reflection
of the Sun
upon the sea
there are days
when I behold
a flower
and see it
as a key
to paradise

***

- 11/4/2025

185.

Woke up
suddenly
to the sound
of the alarm clock
like a cruel
reminder
like a cruel
harbinger
of bad news
I was happy
where I had
just been
most satisfied
to be first asleep
asleep within
a field
of tall grass
the eastern sky
just starting
to glow
with the approach
of the Sun
all of this
lovely surrounding
was of
a dreamworld
and I was asleep
in a dreamworld
most content
which is why
the alarm clock
has never quite
seemed like
a friend

***

- 11/5/2025

186.

I have discovered
a dream
where I have heard
the song
of a thousand
tomorrows
I wandered towards
this light
which seemed
to me
like the fire
of a star
how the sea
was calm
in this vision
the waves
in motion
so gracefully
I stepped
inside of a dream
only to discover
that is was closer
to the true reality
and the true reality
was like
a house of mirrors
full of reflections
reflections
beyond counting
like all
the pleasant dreams
I've ever known
revealed within
a reflection
many times over

***

- 11/5/2025

187.

There is
a song
in my mind
conceived
by the stars
there is a melody
that I have heard
carried through
a mist
a mist that is
the mist of
eternal time
yes.... I can
perceive such things
yes .... I can
so often
perceive a symphony
carried from
the nebula clouds
where stars
are born
and first begin
to shine

***

- 11/5/2025

188.

I wish not
I seek not
the upheaval
of a fearsome wind
I do not seek
to collide
with the fury
that nature
may reveal at times
I seek only
to know
the quiet calm
to know
its true nature
to know
its essence
to feel it
to breathe it
to keep it
a part of me always
wherever
I may journey

***

- 11/5/2025

189.

This song
of the morning
I hear
out here
in the Pines
it is a sweet one
for it is of
an unseen realm
up there
in the sky
where the
new day's light
rises like
a tide of memory
an ocean
of azure
and thoughts
my thoughts drift
like a falling leaf
in the breeze
my thoughts
are as a leaf
bound to the cycles
of the seasons

***

- 11/5/2025

A dollar bill
is simply
a concept
that loses
all meaning
beyond
the threshold
of the sky
the dollar
is a worldly thing
and in that
it has only
been a thing
for a tiny
fragment of time
that the world
to we
who have
on occassion
gazed upon
the stars
with many questions
in our hearts
we knew not
if or how
any answer
would find us
yet we knew
to seek them not
in the illusion
of the dollar

***

- 11/5/2025

The Sun
will be
rising soon
yet at this
moment
the Full Moon
is still out
glowing
like a lantern
of this season
in the western sky
a window
to the cosmos
that is open
the surrounding trees
all seen
to be placed
as if with
an eye for perfection
sonnets are
approaching
the world
from Andromeda
what do you see
tired and weary ones
in the reflection
of eternity
up there
what do you see
those rested
and full of energy
what do you see
in the stillness
those most awake
of all

***

- 11/6/2025

192.

I shall go on
this day
another day
into a world
of artificial sounds
machinery
and technological
wonders
that fill the air
with sound
artificial sound
sounds not
born of the soil
not born
of the Sun
shining down
upon the leaves
sounds not born
of the wind
I shall go on
this day
into a world
of sounds
and machinery
wondrous to many
yet that I find
somewhat removed
from the soil
where the
roots grow
with little sound
yet with
a timeless splendor

***

- 11/6/2025

I am counting
the dreams
counting
the dreams
as they rise
over the river
as they rise
over the cathedrals
I am counting
counting the dreams
as they rise over
an immaculate scene
that doesn't
really exist
yet they rise
the dreams rise
they rise
over it all
Sunflowers
fill us
with magic
and joy
as the dreams rise
as they rise
above the farmlands
as they rise
above the cities
and the skyscrapers

***

- 11/6/2025

194.

It is early
and a workday
cold
and I didn't
get enough sleep
the world seems
to bring you
its thorns
for breakfast
sometimes
I don't know why
yet here they are
and someday
it'll all
be over
and birds
will land
on my front porch
looking at
something
what exactly
we'll never know

***

- 11/7/2025

195.

I'm in
no hurry
to get going
to get out there
in the world
of commercial
vertigo
I'm in no hurry
I am content
to stay
in this room
and stay
in this world here
that is only
comprised
of memory
and silence

***

- 11/7/2025

196.

A bright
chill morning
in November
waking up
to this old
world again
I have some debts
to pay
this weekend
the jackals
are awake
and will be
calling on
the telephone
eventually
and I could have
used a little
more sleep
yet the world
is waiting
the Sun
has risen
out there
money isn't
growing on trees
you need
to go make it
go find it
count it
and send it off
to your own
personal tar pit

***

- 11/7/2025

197.

I have made
for myself
my own kind
of debtors prison
where it pains me
to hear
the songs
of the birds
where the wind
seems like
an ominous omen
I went in
a direction
of poor decisions
because I had
already felt
the ground
give way
beneath my feet
a different path
appeared
to me once
yet it vanished
before long
it seemed
to vanish
into the glare
of the morning Sun
upon the ocean

***

- 11/7/2025

198.

Yesterday
in a moment
of despair
I threw
a can of paint
against a wall
the can opened
upon impact
and the paint
splattered everywhere
and today
I'll most likely
cover it over
with a coat
of fresh paint
yet before I do
I'll take
a long look
at this
abstract masterpiece
of despair

***

- 11/7/2025

199.

Sometimes
the world
throws a
situation at you
that you
can handle
and sometimes
it throws
a situation
at you
that you cannot
the world
makes little
distinction
and shows
little sign
of concern
from the world's
perspective
it was here
long before you
and it will
be here
long after you
what you do
with the situations
it throws at you
is your own choice
so choose now
and choose wisely
and be assured
you will hear
no comment
no opinion
from the world

***

- 11/7/2025

200.

When thoughts
and dreams
are not aligned
we can always
look to the stars
for new
perspectives
for greater
perspectives
when memories
obscure our
vision
of a time
yet to be
we can always
feel the essence
of a memory
within ourselves
whether personal
of collectively
the ability
has always
been there
within us
inherited
from those
who have
wandered down
these same roads
before us
from those
who have
been on
the same journey
as we
in the pages
of a story
of our story
in this world

***

- 11/7/2025

201.

Time
belief
sand
and wind
we are wandering
across a desert
of our own
unknowing
some of us
seek a true light
some of us seek
a single star
or a single
flower
anointed
by a reflection
that is
the essence
of the timeless
some of us find
the fire
of our own
imagination
in the rising
of a constellation
some of us
have always
sought
quiet epiphany
in a place
of solitude
where time
belief
sand and wind
seem to us
so eternal

***

- 11/7/2025

202. LEFT OFF

There it is
I can hear it
the sound
of a world
unchanged
awake
back here
among
the same
old scenery
the Sun ascends
the Sun ascends
this is always
my first discovery
to make
as the streets
start to become
more crowded
everyone
has a destination
everyone
has a goal
they want
to achieve
this day
and so
they get to it
and so today
they may find
what it is
they have
sought after
as the Sun ascends

***

- 11/8/2025

Through
a window
into the haze
I gaze
across a field
of tall grass
the essence
of memory
like dew drops
on each blade
of tall grass
swaying
in a breeze
as everything
is swayed
by the currents
of time
through
a window
I look out
upon a field
in the haze
there are
many truths
many realizations
to be discovered
off in the distance
I hear .... faintly
someone singing
a song of time
long ago

***

- 11/8/2025

204.

It's that time
of year
for me
when calamity
will just
whisper my name
outside of
my bedroom
window
when the Moon
is bright
and Full
reminding me
of Transylvania
from those
old vampire movies
that kind
of horror
the magic of it
I'll take that
any day
over some
of the modern day
routine
of drudgery
I'll take
Count Dracula
over the
Federal Reserve
any day
both will
suck your blood
leave you
weak and fading
but at least one
will make you
believe
that there is still
some real magic
left in
this world

***

- 11/8/2025

205.

A single flower
growing
in an
artillery shell
crater
sometimes
the logic
of the Universe
seems to
defy itself
sometimes
it reveals
our own folly
to us through
subtle ironies
sometimes
it seems
we only reach
a realization
about many things
in the ruins
of what
already was
in what has
already
passed us by
when so many
opportunities
were not seized
and so here
at twilight
a single flower
is there
for all to behold
like a monument
to the mistakes
that we keep
repeating

***

- 11/8/2025

206.

This morning
when I first
awoke
when I first
opened my eyes
I realized
that I had
completely forgotten
this wind
it just
wasn't there
in my memory
absent
gone
it was
someplace else
but where ?
and it didn't
return to me
right away either
it took
a good
few moments
there I was
feeling like
a man
with no world
to be a part of
a man
finding himself
in a place
he didn't know
a strange place
a place
with no memory

***

- 11/9/2025

Know then
that we are all
bound
to the imagined flame
it is light
it is promise
it is
believing again
in a destiny
that is
waiting for us
it doesn't come easy
when the streets
of the night
seem indifferent
I know
I know
it isn't easy
as weeds
are sprouting up
through cracks
in the sidewalks
as a muse
just sits up there
on a billboard
too weary
to give you
any inspiration
today
and I know
it isn't easy
to believe
anymore
yet the imagined
flame
is out there
somewhere
you are bound
to it
and it is
bound to you

*** - 11/9/2025

The damn fools
have been
creating
new philosophies
which are foolish
and so
the world
keeps spinning
a nation's boundary
somewhere
will change
a glacier
will melt
a lightbulb
will go out
darkness
once again
and the new
foolish philosophies
will be
scattered
by the winds
no one
is the master
of time
in the end

***

- 11/9/2025

209.

It's Sunday morning
once again
I would have
liked to go
hiking this
weekend
yet I couldn't
work is
stalking me
like a hungry
jackal
and the time clocks
offer up
these precious
moments
a sacrifice
to what could
have been today
yet the jackal
follows me
hungry
determined
my only escape
would be
for me
to neglect
what must
be done
yet the choice
isn't much
of a choice
any longer
I have evaded
the jackal
for too long
today my time
will be its feast

***

- 11/9/2025

At night
on occasion
little
brief
memories
fall down
upon me
like cold rain
the flesh
feels it
the mind
feels it
the soul
feels it
these little
brief memories
are like thorns
in a rose garden
upon that
mist shrouded
isle of Medusa
she turned me
to stone
a long time ago
yet here I am
still working
the nine to five
still paying
taxes
to the bureaucracy
as the cold rain
of memory
falls down
upon my
stoney flesh
I who have
looked that
fearsome Gorgon
in the eyes
and survived
to keep paying
my federal
income tax

*** - 11/9/2025

211.

Now I know
it's a strange
reality
how wondrous
phenomenon
do stir here
in the currents
of the wind
I raise my eyes
to the clouds
how I see them
how I can
see them now
the Valkyries
that have
always been there
as false idols
rise and fall
as the cold streets
collect
our dreams
our memories
our tears
down through
the years
I see it all
much clearer now
the hourglass
upon a desert rock
the old
rusted weathervane
that points
towards
an unknown future

***

- 11/9/2025